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puzzled Mr. Evers mor

would be just like the Sumbuddys to do a thing like that. How's that? You met a man the other day who saw the Sumbuddys in London? I don't believe a word of it, so there now! You know you just made that up to be contrary. The idea of your sitting there and saying such a thing! They'd look fine gallivanting around London, wouldn't they?

"Oh, of all things in this wide world, what do you suppose I heard this very day? You know that tacky-looking little frazzled-out blonde who lives all alone in the three-room apartment on the fourth

"dressy enough? What would be the use of my having four or five dozen pretty dresses if I couldn't show them?"

NAMA hats are a whole lot cheaper than they were when the big run on them set in six or seven years ago, and yet a good, sure-enough Panama is anything but a poor man's brain-weight yet."

T PAPER TO FO

Then, after pointing out how the racing game was in a bad state in New Orleans, in California and in Arkansas, Mr. Bennington went on to say:

There seems hardly a chance in the world that the Chicago race tracks will be reopened for years to come, if ever they are. It is not so in St. Louis, or in Missouri. It was not Joe Folk alone who killed racing in Missouri. The protectors of the game in that state are not so easily won over, so that the people were aroused against it. St. Louis will hardly ever again be the great racing town that it once was. It is not so in Kentucky. It is not so in Kentucky. Why, even in such a free and easy section of the country as Montana, where there is no law against it, the game is being fought by a powerful crowd unalterably opposed to racing in all of its branches, and I have heard that the game is being fought in Montana so severely as to be accused of smugness, a determined effort is on foot to put a stop to the rather fair racing they have there.

The Kansas case is a little different. I was in Washington—I obtained the interview from Mr. Bennington while he was visiting Washington. The system of racing in Kansas is a little different from the system in California. The racing the last meeting may be practicable

"What are the sun's rays behind the red?" I asked the scientist of the spectrum outside of the red, he replied.

"Can you see 'em?" I asked.

"No," the scientist replied, with a very unscientific grin, "but I'm sure I could." I had the \$18.00.

"And," the Speaker added, as he always does when he finishes his story, "let him have it, too. Any man who could see all the rays for \$18.00 deserves to have a little money."

IRVING C. NORWOOD.

* * *

STEPPING from the office of The Star last evening, the reporter was intercepted by a gentleman who was unmistakably from the rural "diesctric." How do I know? Well, from many things that were conspicuously in evidence. To begin with, he had on a pair of farmers' clothing-hoppers that were done up in "neatfoot" or some other kind of a "country" material. He had on a wide, old-fashioned, worn-out, squawk of his soles; his coat and vest indicated that he had been shopping on D street; a bandanna handkerchief, paper turn-down collar, with a ready-to-hook-or-

SLEEP AGENCIES

little thing I do or say you jump on me, and you're always attributing the meanest motives to me, but just the minute some catly wash-out, slinky creature of a woman comes up for duty, you're just as quick as a hotpot in defending her! It's a mighty peculiar thing, anyhow, that you should defend that woman, and I don't know why. I don't profess to understand. It seemed to me that there was a significant exchange of glances between her and me here, the other evening, now I come to think of it, and here you are getting all purple in the face about it. Well, I don't know anything, but I don't know so much about that. Oh, of course you can say that you never exchanged a word with her, but I know that's not true. You say things like that before, and you say a good many things besides your prayers.

"Well, at last that Quilley woman has got that fat, dumpty thing that lives with her noody-naddy of a husband in the ground floor flat overlooking the river, and she's got a new motor to ride, thank heaven. Her snoop of a husband pulled one of the things along the side of the road, and she got a new one. It's a nice enough looking machine, but of course, it was just a rented one—and

G A VACATION

That ought to be pretty fine. One cool and bracing sea breeze. And you could certainly exhibit your assortment of tolerance.

"Yes, my dear," she said, instructively. "I've been to the Adirondacks for the most of the summer somewhere in the mountains or in one or other of the lakes. I've been to the Adirondacks for the shore along toward the beginning of fall."

"S' right," he agreed. "I've got a lot of time to spare. I've got a lot of time somewhere here. Oh, yes, here's the stuff. We might engage one of those little rooms up there for a night or thirty months, say, and have all of our folks and friends up to visit. Pretty trifling, wouldn't it?"

"Ye-es," said the little woman, a trifle doubtfully, but doesn't it get awful cold up there, you know. That's one thing they're always shooting people in mistake for deer and things in the Adirondacks and they're all dead."

"Seems to me I've heard something like that," he replied. "Well, we don't have to go there, you know. That's one thing. We don't have to go to any o-

REAL PANAMA

I'm not going to lose out to my happy home for no hat, and that's what sure would happen if I were to stake myself to this Panama thing, had as I want it. I sold him the kind of a cheap straw hat he wanted—or rather felt that he had to get—and he wore it out of the store with the extra long brim that only a longing eye, upon the panama that he'd been compelled to turn down for the sake, as he said, of a tranquil home.

There was a very interesting unusual. Quite a lot of men come in here determined to go out with panamas, but they renege before they actually invest. There are three men here, only one of whom is after a fusing that for nearly an hour, trying on different grades of panamas, he finally compromised on a round \$8.

"Sorry 't've put you to all this bother," he said to me before going out, 'but the fact is I've been trying to screw up the nerve to buy me a panama all the time I've been in here, and I find that I just can't make it stick, that's all. It 'ud give my wife too big an edge on the domestic situation. Only last Easter I bought one for her, and she's been home by the roots because she spent \$25 for a spring hat, and now if I were to romp home with one of these expensive panamas, she'd be sure to get a new one, sure enough, and she'd keep it on me up to the final day of my life, that's what she would.'

Another member of the same general sort puttered around for a long while before he actually did buy and pay for a \$25 Panama. He chuckled a good deal

BOOKMAKING

biling feature of the game is capable of doing a very great deal of harm, especially to the lower classes, and to the poor, and, lowly, and that it has actually caused a great deal of harm already. There are two sides to all questions—I say that at the same time I am glad to see the "bromide." And the side of the anti-racing crowd is one well calculated to gain the support of thousands of persons who do have no interest in racing themselves through the racing game."

When this interview was printed in The Star it was taken by a number of New York papers, particularly the papers that derived a portion of their revenue from printing the form charts and other racing information, and as a result the predictions were pulled. It was declared by these papers that he didn't know what he was talking about; that racing was safe in New York as the Bank of England in Threepennyland; that there'd "always" be racing in New York and betting on the races; that the supporters of racing were "too strong" for the anti-racing folk, and so on, and so on.

Nevertheless, during the remainder of the year 1907 it was frequently pointed out that the independence of the New York racing interests standing upon the brink of a crater, so to speak, and with excellent authority for making the point was right there in the person of Gov. Hughes would first in his first broadside at New York racing in his message of January 1, 1908. The broadside was fired off on right day, and beginning with Gov. Hughes' victorious fight against New York race track gambling. Even when the anti-gambling bill was beaten down by a vote of 60-40 in the Legislature, not given up, and about three weeks ago it was stated in this place that the anti-gambling bill would pass the New York Legislature at the special session when it came up.

All of which is adverted to, not for the benevolent purpose of giving the present writer credit for having foreseen the omission or things on his part, nor again, to give him an opportunity to gallop, but merely to offset the general impression that the man who predicted New York that when he predicted the passage

During the closing series of the games which were played here recently Willie Fowler, the popular business man of the Washington club, found it necessary to send a messenger down town on some matter of importance; and the messenger he chose happened to be a bright-faced little kid about twelve years of age, and of good appearance. The son of some people in good circumstances, from all indications.

It was on Friday when Mr. Fowler started his messenger off, and when the boy returned in so short a time Willie gave him a ticket of admission into the grandstand on account of the speed the messenger had shown in delivering the message entrusted to him.

Now, Friday, out at this park, is ladies' day, and a ticket purchased by a gentleman on that day entitles him to bring two ladies into the grandstand free.

You may judge, then, of Mr. Fowler's surprise when, a few minutes after he had given his youthful messenger the

always thought she was a drinking woman, she acted so crazy sometimes, and her nose was mighty red, and—

Wendell: I know my nose. My nose is red, too, and that therefore I must drink in secret myself? How dare you say such things? I can know as well as you that the very slight redness of my nose—and nobody else ever notices it—makes mean comments on it but you say I must drink in secret myself? By the fact that I have to stick in this flag all the livelong time and never go anywhere without it, I know I must drink at least five times a week. What's that? I am too eager to accuse other people of doing what I myself am drinking? I am not. I am long for another one of them, are you? How have you been on chummy terms with that withered-up old Vanderbilts?

Wendell: I have not seen him since he hit her but once in your life, eh, and then she looked like a nice, clean, honest, respectable person, with no redness of the symptom of drink on her, and you don't believe that she ever tasted liquor in her life, and you think she is really going to be operated on for appendicitis because her doctor says so, eh? Well, you're like all the rest of the men—just greedy, just greedy, just greedy.

Wendell: That's all I've got to say. As if a woman would have millions and millions of

looking for. Now, here's a swell mess of junk about the turquoise land of Colorado. The mountains are too. Mountains and springs and all that. They tell me a lot of dead game swaggers off, folks. I've seen the folks who you like to see in three months' crack at the turquoise land of Colorado. "But it takes a long time to get there, doesn't it? What's that pretty one there with the blue eyes?"

"This one," he said, picking the book out of the stack, "is all about the turquoise land. It's a swell mess of junk. Waukecha and those places. How'd you like a little wallup at Wisconsin? Fulfilling people and all that. I've seen the people and slathers of toogy-looking people on the porches of the hotels. I've seen the folks who you like to see dressed up like Astor's goat. And that's us—the togy stuff."

"You're required, reflectively, "are those places considered real summer-resort places? Wouldn't everybody imagine we were taking a rim on the cars if we went to a place like Wisconsin? You see, what we want is a lot of

They'll ask to be shown those \$5 panamas, 'like the ones in the window.' And when we show them the \$5 and the \$20 panamas, they'll ask us to show them what they want. Then we show them better grades, and most of them work them selves up to the buying point before they get out of the store.

"I only came in to blow \$5 on one of the things," one said, but to me, "a blouse as well as being for sale, as four or five shirts and a pair of slippers." The boy and if my wife has me arrested why all right, blame the luck."

"The real crafty married chaps are the ones that don't buy their panamas and then they come home and sheepishly tell their wives the price of them, but that's bringing their wives down town with them to help them buy the straw hats. These poor wags know perfectly well that they're able to buy their own wives into it themselves suggesting the purchase of good panamas, thus putting the odium all as it were, of the expense upon their wives. I waited on a couple like that a few days ago. The man told me that he wanted to see a near-panama of the sort that he had seen in the window. I showed him and then when his wife turned her head for half a second he stalked me to one of the most meaningful winks I ever saw in my life. I knew he was up to something, but I meant. I showed him the kind of a hat he'd asked for, but I scattered a number of \$20 panamas of his size in different sizes and colors. He was so taken up with the winks for him to pick up when he had a mind to. After he'd tried on the cheap near-panama he took it off and

mean old thing for taking Gallic leave that a-way.

A. COMSTOCK, the adipose conservator of the morals of Greater New York and its environs, giveth forth the pronouncement that any lady caught in the act of wearing a sheath gown around here is going to get herself immured in a donjon keep, or words to that general essence.

Anthony the Pure must be going about with his eyes more or less screened in safety goggles. I have seen some dozens of sheath gowns on more or less public view within the past week, most of them in those bookmaker's restaurants of the white light district, and at least half a dozen of them had the slit up the side of the skirt. At Van Cortlandt Park, a few afternoons ago, I saw a group of pretty women watching a game of golf, all of them most scrupulously diked out in sheath gowns, nor was the slit up the skirt of one of these skirts.

Who, I believe, A. Comstock will not be able to make good in this business. Gen. Bingham, for one, says that Mr. Comstock is doomed to failure if he makes any attempt to dictate to New York women in what they shall or shall not wear. The doughy head of the New York police department declares that none of his men will be allowed to place restraining limits of which extend from the sides of the sheaths are within the proper degree of propriety—whatever that may mean. In the meantime at one of the summer extravaganzas the dozen bunches of show girls, about two dozen in number, and all of them tall, shrieking beauties, are wearing sheath gowns of the sides of which extend from the bottom of the skirt quite up to the waist line, and still Anthony C. isn't doing any arresting.

But I am not a fair-weather friend. In spite of the fact that the press agent of the theater is perfectly frantic to fix

real, sure-enough summer resorts to a
"Here's a basketful of information and
pictures and stuff about the lake resort
of northern Michigan. The Soo, Mack-
inac, and all like that. Luke to take a run
up there?"

"Br-r-r-r!" she answered, offhand. "I
wasn't one bit like that. All day the
folks that are drowned in Lake Superior
never come to the surface any more."
"Well, we wouldn't naturally have to
get drowned, at that," he commented.
"I was once like that. I got out of the
Yellowstone—here's a lot of Yellow-
stone stuff—and get drowned in one of
those holes, or geysers or what-
ever they call 'em?"

"I was never like that," she said. "I
was wary of drowning, any way."
"I was once like that," he said. "I was
the game, and so she was a little tired
away and wrapped an arm around his
neck, and said, 'delightfully!'"

"My, ain't I glad that four two week-
vacation begins next week and that we'll
go to have the grandest old time
trrolley-riding and all that. Ain't it just
gladdy, gladdy, gladdy!"

the whole crowd of show girls at once fell pinching her. Oh, well!

* *

HIGH-GRADE dentistry is the latest luxury enjoyed by transatlantic voyagers on a number of the swifter ships. Going to sea to have their teeth fixed is now the fad among the crowd able to go in for these sybaritic proceedings. Thus pleasure is combined with hygiene and given a more toothsome tone, so to speak. On these steamers there are first-class dentists, second-class dentists and the best in New York, and the passengers themselves contrive to put in enjoyable vacations in this way. The folks who put off and put off having their teeth attended to because they haven't the time, or something, are led into seeing the advantage of having their molars made as good as new while they're crossing any mystic sea, and so they make their arrangements with the dentists before sailing time. Then, as soon as they get their sea legs, they resign themselves to the dentists' chairs for a certain number of hours each day, and by the time they are ready to step ashore on the other side they are all through with the bad job, which probably would have been three as annoying if gone through with on dry land. No less a renowned individual than Cardinal Locuini had a long-deferred job of teeth repaired put through when he went back to Ireland the other day, and Charles Schwab, the wealthy Carnegie beneficiary, is loud in his praise of the scheme of having teeth fixed while voyaging on the ocean wave. Now one of the steamship companies has announced that a new set of ship's surgeons will be organizing "to be especially important to undertake operations for appendicitis" upon persons who generate that condition while on the high seas of the world, as well as the Rev. Mr. Jasper, sun, do move.

of The Star.
RK, June 19, 1908.
THE STAR was the
first paper in the
United States to
print a set of views
in which the end of
racing on the New
York race tracks
was foreseen.
More than a

ance of high-grade racing looks bad to me at this time," said Mr. Bennington in a conversation with the writer. "The racing bodies of the east imagine themselves to be planted on the rock of eternity. I am not speaking of the country—in New York state, for instance—but everywhere."

After pointing out how the racing game was in a bad state in New Orleans, in California and in Arkansas, Mr. Bennington went on:

"I hardly see a chance in the world that the Chicago race tracks will be reopened for years to come. If ever again the game is as dead as a doornail, it will be in Chicago. Not Joe Folk alone who killed racing in Missouri. The protectors of the game in that state permit themselves to take the same attitude. People were aroused against it. St. Louis will hardly ever again be the great racing town that it once was. The game will be dead in St. Louis, too. Why, even in such a free and easy section of the country as Montana, where there are bush tracks, the experienced sportsmen are being fought by powerful crowd unalterably opposed to racing in all of its branches, and I have heard that up in Seattle, where the game is in a state of almost smugness, a determined effort is on foot to put a stop to the rather far racing they have there."

The game seemed to be in a bad way in Washington—"I obtained the interview from Mr. Bennington while he was visiting Washington. The system of racing in that city is in a bad way. The last meeting may be practicable

dling feature of the game is capable of doing a very great deal of harm, especially to the poor, and to the colored people, and that it has actually caused a great deal of harm already. There are two sides to all questions—I say that all the time. I am not a 'bromide.' And the side of the anti-racing race is one well calculated to gain the support of tens of thousands of persons who have in no way helped themselves through the racing game."

When this interview was printed in the *World*, it was the subject of much comment in New York papers, particularly the papers that derived a portion of their revenue from printing the form charts and other racing material. The anti-racing predictions were ridiculed. It was declared by these papers that he didn't know what he was talking about, that racing was as safe in New York as the Bank of England in Threadneedle street; that there'd 'always' be racing in New York; that the anti-racing people were the supporters of racing were "too strong" for the anti-racing folk, and so on and so on. Nevertheless, during the remainder of the year, the anti-racing movement came out in this correspondence that the New York racing interests were spending upon the anti-racing cause, so to speak, with excellent authority for making the prognostication. It was predicted that Gov. Hughes would fire his first broadside against the racing interests in January, 1, 1908. The broadside was fired all right, and that was the beginning of Gov. Hughes' victorious fight against the racing interests.

At the anti-racing trial was beaten by a tie vote in April the proposition was made to amend the racing law so that it was stated in this place that the anti-gambling bill would pass the New York state senate at the special session when called.

All of which is adverted to, not for the benevolent purpose of giving the present generation a chance to point to any particular omission of mine, but to show that I have again, to give him an opportunity to gallop, but merely to offset the general impression that I have been a "bromide" in New York when he predicted the passage

mean old thing for taking Gallic leave that a-way.

**

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With his eyes more or less screened in green goggles, I have seen some dozens of sheath gowns on more or less public view within the past week, most of them in those bookmakerish restaurants of the white light district, and at least half a dozen of them had the slit up the side of the skirt. At Van Cleave Park, a few of the crowd were saying that pretty women watching a game of golf, all of them most scrumptiously diked out in sheath gowns, nor was the slit up the side of any of these skirts absent. I believe A. Comstock will not be able to make good in this business.

Gen. Bingham, for one, says that Mr. Comstock is a very good fellow, but when any attempt to dictate to New York women what they shall or shall not wear, the daughter of New York must be damned. He declares that none of his men will be allowed to place restraining mittens upon women wearing sheath gowns, and that he will not be in the least degree of propriety—whatever that may mean. In the meantime at one of the showy extravaganzas that do a dozen in number, and all of them tall, shrieking beauties, are wearing sheath gowns the sides of which were slit up to the waist line, of the skirt quite up to the waist line, and still Anthony C. isn't doing any arresting around that theater. This, I think, is the fact that the management of the theater is perfectly frantic to fix

the whole crowd of show girls at on fell pinching bee. Oh, well!

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